June 8, 1855

My wagon train didn’t move very fast today, we only traveled six miles. We lost some of the time when a bunch of the animals decided to go for a walk away from the wagon train. Some unwelcoming Indians tried to kill us by throwing spears at us, so all of the men decided to run so we wouldn’t lose anyone. We stopped for lunch and I tried to make bread but I burnt it all, so someone else made it. I went hunting but I didn’t get anything, so everyone on the wagon train had to eat bacon again. I am getting so sick of eating bacon; I would eat bugs because I am so sick of it. We are in Middle String, Kansas almost near New Mexico. When we shopped in Middle String shops we got some dried beef and canned food I was so happy because I didn’t have to eat bacon. We also got rifles, blankets, gunpowder, cotton socks, and feather beds. That night for dinner we had some dried beef I was so happy I didn’t have to eat bacon; if I did once more I was going to turn into bacon.

By: Celvin W.